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THE LAPS AND THEIR REINDEER.

The people of Lapland, according to the great traveller Du Chaillu, have been very much misunderstood and very much misrepresented. Instead of being dark of complexion, black-haired, stupid, heathenish, and murderous, as even some Swedes and Norwegians believed them to be, the author found them light of hair and color, agile, industrious, bright, hospitable, and as good Christians as any other people. They are not always as cleanly as some other races, for building material is scarce in Lapland, houses or tents are small, and washing-day preparations are sometimes impossible. Their morals are of a high order. Many of them are fairly educated, and nearly all of them are religious in both form and spirit. The author's religious beliefs were carefully investigated at length by men and women alike. Some of the Lapps go abroad and become rich; Mr. Du Chaillu refers to several of these who are in the United States, when one of them owns a brown-stone front; but most of them prefer to remain in their own land. In the words of the author: "Happy and contented with his lot in the world, endowed with a religious nature which a barren and lonely land contributes to intensify, the Lapp believes in God, in his Bible, in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and in a future life. From that dreary waste his songs of praise and his prayers are uttered with a faith which ceases only with his breath, and he departs rejoicing that he is going to the 'better land.'"

LAPPS IN WINTER WITH THEIR HERDS OF REINDEER.

The reindeer, which in one way or another manages to be almost the entire support of the Lapps who have herds, is a large, heavy animal with remarkable independence of character. He will not accept shelter under cover, no matter how inclement the weather may be. Neither will he eat any food that is offered him; he prefers to seek his own sustenance, which consists principally of a peculiar moss, and as this grows very slowly, requiring about seven years in which to reach maturity, the Lapp must shift his home from time to time to meet the necessities of his herd. In midwinter the moss may be covered by several feet of snow, but the deer digs a hole with his feet and disappears from the surface, burrowing his way through the snow as he follows his nose from one tuft of moss to another. The flesh of the reindeer is quite palatable and nutritious, his skin makes very warm garments as well as durable harness, and cheese made of reindeer milk is very rich, although the quantity of milk yielded per day seems scarcely worth the taking, as it amounts to a mere teacupful.

BISHOP CROWTHER.

Messenger readers will be sorry to hear of the death of Samuel Adjai Crowther, the noted bishop of the Niger Territory. He died from paralysis on the last day of the old year. The dead Bishop was indeed a remarkable man. Despite his great age, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, those who have heard him preach to crowded congregations, in aid of the Church Missionary Society, can testify that his "natural powers" were scarcely "abated." When listening to his earnest, eloquent English words, it was not easy to realize that the ready speaker was once a slave boy. In 1821 he lived with his parents in an African town called Oshogun, in the Yoruba country. Little Adjai, when eleven years of age, was taken prisoner, along with his sister and mother, by some Mahommedans, who attacked the town and killed many of the inhabitants. Among them Adjai's father was slain. The boy and girl fell into the hands of one chief, and the mother and babe into those of another. The boy was presently exchanged for a horse, but shortly was restored to his master because the horse proved a failure. Coming to a place called Dadda with the rest of his master's property, he met again his mother and sisters, and spent three months near them, seeing them occasionally. But soon he had to stand in the slave-market, and was sold and resold several times over for paltry sums, and even sometimes for spirits. No wonder he was wretched. He wished sometimes that he were dead, and sought death. Coming to Lagos, a large seaport town, he was purchased by a Portuguese slave merchant, and was put on board a slave ship bound for America. It seemed now as if his future was sealed. Once transported to a distant shore, Adjai must consider himself a slave for life. But deliverance came. On the very next day after quitting Lagos the slaver was captured by two English ships of war, which were cruising on the coast to check the slave trade. This was in 1822. He was taken to Sierra Leone, and educated there by the Church Missionary Society. He was baptized in 1825, was afterwards employed as a teacher, and in 1843, having been ordained, he was sent to his own country, Yoruba, to assist in the conversion of his people. In 1857 he was appointed leader of the New Niger Mission, and on St. Peter's day, 1864, he was consecrated at Canterbury Cathedral the first Bishop of the Niger. Since that date his whole time has been devoted to the conversion of the heathen in those regions.

A little over two years ago Bishop Crowther visited England on a special mission—namely, to raise funds for the building of a new church on the Niger. The Bishop was then a venerable-looking old gentleman, in his eighty-first year, very quiet in manner, and with all the impressive actions which belong to the negro race. A representative of the *Pall Mall Budget* had the good fortune to have a few minutes' chat with the aged Bishop. "You want me to tell you something of my work in Africa?" said he, speaking with a sort of lisp and an accent somewhat reminding one of the soft sound of the r's, m's and s's of a Russian speaking English. "Well, what can I tell you? We are progressing in a wonderful manner. The white traders, who are Christians, have quite abandoned work on Sunday, and instead come to worship at our church and chapels. More, they bring the natives down from the country to worship with us. Not Christian natives, you must understand, but heathen. The traders do this. They are not missionaries, but they help us in our missionary work. At one chapel two hundred and fifty of these heathen come regularly and join in the service. 'I am over here on a special mission, come to collect money to build a new church, which we want very much.' On the following Sunday the Bishop preached in Ripon Cathedral.

BEECHER AND INGERSOLL.

Mr. Beecher has gone to his rest. The way was long for him and often very rough, but he trod his path with a buoyant step and far-looking eyes. Great, natural, faulty, beloved, he has gone now; but his

words remain. Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll and those who were with him will long remember the following incident:

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown one day into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion was made to religion. The distinguished infidel was of course too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally, desiring to see a tilt between him and Beecher, made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll at last remarked, "Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitute and replied, "Nothing, in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor blind man, with crutches, slowly and carefully picking his way through a cess-pool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with his old-time fire, as he bent them on Ingersoll—"Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the sloughs of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.—*Canadian Advance.*

A HAPPY EXPERIENCE.

A correspondent of *The Christian* gives his experience in giving in the following words:—Perhaps a little personal experience as to the methods of systematic giving may not be out of place, following upon the appeals that have been made to believers to put it into practice. I am the tenant for life of a small encumbered estate, the calls upon which make the net income a very different thing from the gross; and, as a consequence, I have never had any superfluous cash.

I gave my heart to the Lord nearly nine years ago, and with it I was anxious to give my purse also. But how to do it! there lay the difficulty. All the money that came in seemed to be required to carry on the earthly affairs, and yet calls came for the Lord's work which must be attended to. I could not thus give cheerfully. I seemed to be always robbing Peter to pay Paul. This continued for some two years, when the light of systematic and proportionate giving dawned upon me. I commenced by giving one-tenth of net income, and from that time forth I have given willingly and cheerfully. I continued thus for about four years, until one day, when reading Genesis xlvii. I was much struck by the story of Joseph having bought all the money (v. 14), cattle, (v. 17), and land of Egypt (v. 20), for Pharaoh, and lastly the people themselves, so that we read in verse 23, "Behold, I have bought you this day, and your land for Pharaoh." Their land and freedom are then returned to them with this condition. "Ye shall give the fifth part unto Pharaoh, and four parts shall be your own for seed . . . food . . . households . . . little ones."

Is not the type of Christ's purchase of us and all that we have for the father, almost perfect? May we not, then, also see what he expects of us? I thought so, and acted accordingly. As a consequence, I have seldom, if ever, had to refuse an application to help branches of the Lord's work, with which I have had sympathy, and I have marvelled at the amounts I have been privileged to give. My income has not increased, but like the widow's cruse of oil, it has proved sufficient, which it never seemed before, for my household and for others; besides which, my wife and I have taken a long journey round the world at considerable extra expense, which formerly I should not have dreamt of being able to do. Yet I see to-day, better than I ever did before in my life, how to live within my income, and to keep on giving the Lord his portion. I am sure that the Lord has thus fulfilled to me his promise, found in Proverbs iii. 9, 10, and has added his blessing thereto, giving a thankful heart with a willing mind. Wishing others a similar experience, I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

MULTUM IN PARVO.

PERSONAL WORK.

I have had, since I began teaching, about three hundred different young men in my class, and I have never had a single rebuff, and but one refusal, and that from a very indifferent young man who was in our community but a brief time. It is unnecessary to remind you of the large space given by John to our Lord's personal talk with Nicodemus and with the woman at the well. And did not the Holy Spirit lead Philip away from his public meetings in Samaria to preach Christ to the eunuch on the road to Gaza? Under God, of course, I believe the chief human factor that leads a young man to the decisive hour is the hand of some brother, who takes his hand in love and puts it over into the hand of Jesus Christ, so that the two are one. It is almost needless to say that this personal work, which follows the individual to the home and to the shop, is the best method to keep a class full. The first Bible class I ever taught was in a mission school, where but few of the young men had any influence from the home to keep them faithful. While other classes were depleted, that class was kept full, and more than full, for years, largely because the teacher had a rule that if a young man was missing one Sabbath, before the next Saturday night the teacher had called upon him. The average young man will believe in even a poor teacher, if he will only show enough personal interest to look after him. I have dwelt at length upon this point, because my own observation is that there is no work that tells so much, there is no work so greatly neglected, in our churches and schools, as hand-to-hand work. It is not so much more meetings we want, as more personal meeting in the primary meaning of the words "face to face."

There is no work that pays such rich returns. Some years ago, we had a young man in our class, in every way moral, having everything but "the one thing needful." We talked several times of his duty, and one day, when I had exhausted every argument, I told him of a brother and of his influence over him, and ventured the prediction that if he would acknowledge Christ as Master and Lord, his brother would do the same within six months. This touched him, and he yielded; and the brother did follow him in four months. One of them became a leader in one of the great religious movements of our day, and has been widely known in East and West; both are to-day in different Western States doing grand work for God.

I cannot close without saying, finally, that no teacher can expect the blessing of God upon his labors unless he prays daily for each member of his class personally. Where classes are large, I know the petition must be brief; but at least we should daily call the roll of our scholars in our Father's presence. It is one help, certainly, in this matter to divide our scholars into classes as we pray,—those who are Christians and those who are not. Then, by arranging them alphabetically in our minds, the number will be no serious obstacle in our prayers. The power of prayer is not a question for our discussion; we all believe in it. We can never teach successfully if we leave our best weapon unused. If I may be allowed another personal allusion, many years ago I had a young man who was for a time a regular attendant in the Sunday-school. But he fell under evil influences, and drifted very far from God and the truth. For years prayers were daily offered for that young man, and he knew it. Thanks to our Father's love, he was brought back again by new friends to see truth and duty. He died recently, west of the Rocky Mountains, and the home missionary pastor wrote me that in his last hours one of the thoughts that he continually expressed was this, referring to the old Bible class teacher, "Was he not good to pray for me so long?" "And he spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Did not the Lord when he spake of this have the discouraged Sunday school teacher in mind? I know not how better to close these very simple suggestions than by repeating words which I have used elsewhere, that the root of all methods must be an intense love for the salvation of men, and that this is a germ and growth of God's planting. Love will always find a way to work, and the poorest method with God is better than all others without him.—*Samuel B. Capen in Golden Rule.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—MARCH 6, 1892.

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH.

Jeremiah 39:1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."—Matt. 23:38.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jeremiah 38:1-13.—Jeremiah cast into a Dungeon.
T. Jeremiah 33:14-26.—Jeremiah and the King.
W. Jeremiah 39:1-10.—The Downfall of Judah.
Th. Isaiah 39:1-8.—Foretold by Isaiah.
F. Ezek. 12:1-16.—Foretold by Ezekiel.
S. Psalm 137:1-9.—Weeping in Captivity.
S. Psalm 80:1-19.—Prayer for Deliverance.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Taking of Jerusalem. vs. 1-3.
II. The Capture of the King. vs. 4-7.
III. The Burning of the City. v. 8.
IV. The Carrying Away of the People. vs. 9, 10.

TIME.—B.C. 589-588; Zedekiah the twenty-first and last king of Judah; Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; Pharaoh Hophra king of Egypt. Prophets: Jeremiah in Judah; Daniel in Babylon; Ezekiel on the river Chebar; Obadiah in the captivity.

PLACES.—Jerusalem; *Riblah, 75 miles north of Damascus.* Babylon, the capital of Nebuchadnezzar, on the Euphrates.

OPENING WORDS.

As Jeremiah foretold, the Chaldeans returned and renewed the siege, taking the city at length, as related in this lesson. Parallel accounts, Jeremiah 52:1-16; 2 Kings 25:1-12; and 2 Chron. 36:11-21.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Tenth month*—parts of December and January. In the parallel accounts it is added, "in the tenth day." *Nebuchadrezzar*—another form for Nebuchadnezzar. 2. *Fourth month*—parts of July and August. The siege lasted eighteen months. 3. *The middle gate*—between the upper city and the lower city. 4. *Saw them*—heard that they were in possession of the city. *By the gate betwixt the two walls*—as the besiegers entered from the north, the king fled toward the south, down the Tyropœan Valley, between the two walls of Moriah on his left and Zion on his right. This path came out *by the king's garden*, at the south-east corner of the city. *The way of the plain*—Revised Version, "the way of the Arabah," the valley of the Jordan. 5. *Riblah*—the headquarters of Nebuchadnezzar, who was at the same time besieging Tyre. *Gave judgment upon him*—as a common criminal. He had violated his oath of submission to Nebuchadnezzar. Ezek. 17:13-19; 2 Chron. 36:10-13. 8. *Burned*—this was a month after the taking of the city. 10. *Gave them vineyards*—put them in charge, as vine-dressers and husbandmen. Jer. 52:16; 2 Kings 25:12.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? On what false accusation was Jeremiah imprisoned? How was his imprisonment lightened? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM. vs. 1-3.—Who besieged Jerusalem? To what straits was the city reduced? How did the siege end? At what point did the Chaldeans force an entry? Where did they post themselves?

II. THE CAPTURE OF THE KING. vs. 4-7.—How did the king attempt to escape? By what way did he leave the city? Where was he captured? To whom was he sent? What was done with his sons? Who were slain with them? What was done with Zedekiah?

III. THE BURNING OF THE CITY. v. 8.—What was done with the city? Was the temple spared? 2 Kings 25:9. How complete was the destruction of the city?

IV. THE CARRYING AWAY OF THE PEOPLE. vs. 9, 10.—What became of the people? What three classes of captives are mentioned? Who were left in the land? How long after the division of the kingdom was the downfall of Judah? How long after the captivity of Israel?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God is true to his threatenings as well as to his promises.
2. He punishes sin by permitting it to produce its legitimate fruits.
3. Sin unrepented brings certain destruction.
4. If we neglect our privileges they may be taken from us.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who besieged Jerusalem? Ans. Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon.
2. How did the siege end? Ans. The city was taken and destroyed.
3. What was done with the king's sons? Ans. They were slain before his eyes.
4. What was done with the king? Ans. His eyes were put out, and he was carried in chains to Babylon.
5. What became of the people? Ans. They were carried as captives to Babylon.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 28, 1892.

JEREMIAH PERSECUTED.

Jeremiah 37:11-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."—Jer. 1:19.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 24:8-20.—Jehoiachin's Reign and Captivity.
T. Jeremiah 28:1-17.—Hananiah's False Prophecy.
W. Jeremiah 29:1-14.—Jeremiah's Letter to the Captives.
Th. Jeremiah 21:1-14.—Jeremiah's Word to Zedekiah.
F. Jeremiah 37:1-10.—Jeremiah and the King.
S. Jeremiah 37:11-21.—Jeremiah Persecuted.
S. Jeremiah 1:11-19.—Jeremiah Encouraged.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Arrest of the Prophet. vs. 11-15.
II. The Appeal to the King. vs. 16-20.
III. The Lightening of the Imprisonment. v. 21.

TIME.—About B.C. 590; Zedekiah king of Judah; Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; Pharaoh Hophra king of Egypt.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Three years after the events of last lesson, Jerusalem was taken by the Chaldeans and Jehoiakim was slain. Nebuchadnezzar placed Jehoiachin on the throne, but after three months deposed him and carried him to Babylon. Zedekiah, the fourth son of Josiah, was his successor. In the face of the most solemn oath of submission, he rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar and made an alliance with Egypt. To punish his faithless vassal, Nebuchadnezzar laid siege to Jerusalem. Pharaoh Hophra, the king of Egypt, came, and for a brief period interrupted the siege. The events of this lesson occurred during this time of respite.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

11. *When the army of the Chaldeans was broken up from Jerusalem*—the Chaldeans raised the siege to march out and meet Pharaoh Hophra, who was coming to help the Jews. 12. *To go into the land of Benjamin*—to Anathoth, his birthplace. *To separate himself thence*—Revised Version, "to receive his portion there." 13. *The gate of Benjamin*—looking northward toward Benjamin. 16. *Dungeon*—literally, "house of the pit;" a deep pit like a well, in the sides of which near the bottom, were the cabins (Revised Version, "cells") for the lodgment of the prisoners. *Many days*—during which time the Chaldean army returned and renewed the siege. 17. *Jeremiah said*—notice the boldness and the faithfulness of his reply. 20. *Hear now, I pray thee*—with conscious innocence he asks release from false imprisonment. 21. *Court of the prison*—Revised Version, "court of the guard;" the quarters of the sentries who guarded the palace.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What judgment was pronounced on Jehoiakim? How was this prophecy fulfilled? Who succeeded Jehoiakim? What became of Jehoiachim? Whom did Nebuchadnezzar then place on the throne? Why did Nebuchadnezzar again besiege Jerusalem? What caused a temporary suspension of the siege? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE ARREST OF THE PROPHET. vs. 11-15.—Where was Jeremiah about to go? On what charge was he arrested? How did he answer the charge? What did the princes do? What kind of a prison was this?

II. THE APPEAL TO THE KING. vs. 16-20.—Who took the prophet out of the prison? What did the king secretly ask him? What was the prophet's reply? How did he expostulate with the king?

III. THE LIGHTENING OF THE IMPRISONMENT. v. 21.—What did Zedekiah command? How was Jeremiah supplied with food? In what respects was his imprisonment lightened?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God sometimes permits sore trouble to come to his servants.
2. God's ministers must deliver God's messages faithfully and fearlessly.
3. The Lord takes care of his faithful servants.
4. He can incline his enemies to favor them.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. On what false accusation was Jeremiah arrested? Ans. That he was about to desert to the Chaldeans.
2. What did the princes do with him? Ans. They smote him and put him in prison.
3. What did Zedekiah do? Ans. He took him out of the dungeon, and asked him secretly, Is there any word from the Lord?
4. What did Jeremiah reply? Ans. Thou shalt be delivered into the hand of the king of Babylon.
5. How was Jeremiah's imprisonment lightened? Ans. He was placed in the court of the guard, and supplied with food daily.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Probably most parents, even very kindly ones, would be a little startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others. This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it; nobody thinks of considering whether it be right and best, or not. But it is a great rudeness to a child. I am entirely sure that it ought never to be done. Mortification is a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent, it is all the more certain to rankle and do harm. Let a child see that his mother is so anxious that he should have the approbation and good-will of her friends that she will not call their attention to his faults; and that, while she never, under any circumstances, allows herself to forget to tell him afterward, alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of public reproof; and, while that child will lay these secret reproofs to heart, he will still be happy.

I know a mother who had the insight to see this, and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more patience, far more time, than the common method.

Once I saw her little boy behave so boisterously and rudely at the dinner-table, in the presence of guests, that I said to myself, "Surely, this time she will have to break her rule, and reprove him publicly." I saw several telegraphic signals of rebuke, entreaty, and warning flash from her gentle eyes to his; but nothing did any good. Nature was too much for him, he could not at that minute force himself to be quiet. Presently she said, in a perfectly easy and natural tone, "O Charley, come here a minute! I want to tell you something." No one at the table supposed that it had anything to do with his bad behavior. She did not intend that they should. As she whispered to him, I alone saw his cheek flush, and that he looked quickly and imploringly into her face; I alone saw that tears were almost in her eyes. But she shook her head, and he went back to his seat with a manful but very red little face. In a few moments he laid down his knife and fork, and said, "Mama, will you please to excuse me?" "Certainly, my dear," said she. Nobody but I understood it, or observed that the little fellow had to run very fast to get out of the room without crying. Afterward she told me that she never sent a child away from the table in any other way. "But what would you do," said I, "if he were to refuse to ask to be excused?" Then the tears stood full in her eyes. "Do you think he could," she replied, "when he sees that I am only trying to save him from pain?" In the evening, Charley sat in my lap, and was very sober. At last he whispered to me, "I'll tell you an awful secret, if you won't tell. Did you think I had done my dinner this afternoon when I got excused? Well, I hadn't, Mama made me, because I acted so. That's the way she always does. But I haven't had to have it done to me before for ever so long,—not since I was a little fellow" (he was eight now); "and I don't believe I ever shall again till I'm a man." Then he added, reflectively: "Mary brought me all the rest of my dinner upstairs; but I wouldn't touch it, only a little bit of the ice-cream. I don't think I deserved any at all; do you?"

To this day the old tingling pain burns my cheeks as I recall certain rude and contemptuous words which were said to me when I was very young, and stamped on my memory forever. I was once called a "stupid child" in the presence of strangers. I had brought the wrong book from my father's study. Nothing could be said to me to-day which would give me a tenth part of the hopeless sense of degradation which came from those words. Another time, on the arrival of an unexpected guest to dinner, I was sent, in a great hurry, away from the table, to make room, with the remark that "it was not of the least consequence about the child; she could just as well have her dinner afterward." "The child" would have been only too happy to help on the hospitality of the sudden emergency, if the thing had been differently put; but the sting of having it put in that way I never forgot. Yet in both these instances the rudeness was so small, in comparison with what we habitually see, that it would be too trivial to mention, except for the bearing of the fact that the pain it gave has lasted till now.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

SUMMER BOARDERS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The *Congregationalist* goes to so many good people in the country that I am sure a few words from an old housekeeper will meet the eye of multitudes who mean to open their houses this year, and I hope many future years, to city people trying to escape from the oppressive heats and evil atmosphere of their surroundings. I know that offered advice too often meets the fate of "offered service" in the old proverb, but nevertheless some may take in good part suggestions offered in all kindly feeling, and I must be content with the Scripture order: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

In the first place, my friends, when you undertake to entertain summer boarders, begin with the idea that human nature in its general lines is the same all the world over; men and women everywhere like to be comfortable and are willing to pay for it. All the scenery and fine air in the world will not compensate to a delicate woman or a tired man for the ordinary comforts of life. Finery is nothing to them. A parlor full of paper flowers, lace curtains, tidies, lamp-mats and unreadable illustrated "works," with a hard sofa and difficult chairs, the regulation "parlor set," is no attraction in the eyes of people who have at home all these things in finer and costlier grades. If your sitting-room is clean and sweet, stocked with a soft, old-fashioned lounge, and plenty of those high-backed splint rocking-chairs that are so cheap and so restful, if you have windows that run easily and outer blinds that open without a creak and shut without a bang, if there are books lying around such as are amusing and easily read—and these are cheap enough now, thanks to the new paper-covered issues of our best publishers—if the evening lamps are bright and do not smell of kerosene oil, or leave its traces on any hand that tries to change the position of the light, and if to all these be added an open fireplace, or even a stove with front doors, to mitigate the damp chill of a rainy evening or a day of north-east wind and driving storm, you will find such a parlor thoroughly enjoyed and remembered with pleasure by your guests. The next thing is good beds—and how rare a good bed is! If you cannot afford to buy hair mattresses a good cotton one is comfortable if it lies on a woven wire bed, and these are not expensive, they last, they can easily be kept clean. Whoever invented these wire mattresses should be blessed "of all the people." Do not overload your beds either with the abominations so frequent in our country, heavy cotton comfortables—"uncomfortables" they should be called. The cheapest blankets are better than those heavy masses through which no air can penetrate and which no ventilation can sweeten. If you do not feel able to buy blankets get some cheese-cloth, and laying cotton lightly between two squares of the scrim tack it here and there; it will not weigh down the feeble sleeper and it can readily be untacked, washed and fresh cotton put in during the next winter.

"Quilts" are also intolerable for weight and stiffness. If you want to use up your calico pieces make the spreads but tack between them and the lining a double layer of old newspapers instead of quilting in cotton; it will be a mitigation. Then be careful about your pillows. How often have I had to put mine outside of the door because the smell of bad feathers forbade me to sleep! Pillows should be aired and sunned thoroughly after lying unused all winter, and if there is an offensive smell in any of them the feathers should be taken out, thoroughly scalded in soap suds, well dried, and the ticks washed with equal care. A clean, sweet bedroom with neat washing apparatus, a bureau, a closet, a mirror that is neither cracked nor askew in its reflections, plenty of towels and faithful care of all utensils is one great attraction to boarders. All the tasseled white curtains, snowy spreads, brilliant chromoliths on the walls, or showy carpets and stiff chairs do not give the sense of comfort that simple, easy furniture and absolute cleanliness produce.

Still more important than these, if it be true that "every man's heart is reached through his stomach"—and I am not prepared to say, after a long experience in the care of both these organs, that it is not true—is the daily fare you set before your guests. People in the country who entertain city boarders often err by providing for them what we country people have been brought up to consider "company" viands. This is a mistake; preserves, cakes, pies, are not what our guests care for; plain food, properly cooked, is a real necessity. If you have a farm you have at hand material for the best living. Poultry, eggs, milk, fresh vegetables alone make an acceptable bill of fare. If you find it hard to get good meat, have an ice-box and get a weekly supply of meat from the nearest town. It is a simple matter to make an ice-house in the fall when there is a pause in farm work—to dig a pit of the size you need, roughly board it inside and put on a pitched roof, fill it, after it is well carpeted with straw and drainage established, with ice from the nearest pond or the reach of a still river, and you have one of the greatest aids to housekeeping. Four or five hooks from the roof will hold your meat and keep it fresh, there will be a corner for your tightly covered butter pail and your yeast jug, and plenty of ice to cool your creams and your jellies for dessert. Have a good garden well dug and manured, and then carefully planted with summer vegetables. Beans, peas, short carrots, cauliflowers, early cabbage, all these will be in season; of course you raise your own potatoes in a farther field and sweet corn also. If you have some rows of raspberry bushes set against your garden fence and some blackberries by the barn you will be glad of their help in providing for your tea-table; fresh fruit is always acceptable.

It is just as easy to prepare agreeable desserts when you have milk and eggs in plenty as it is to make the unfailing pie of New England. Do not aim at too much, but above all learn how to cook. Buy a book that gives you teaching in method as well as mere recipes. Practice on your own family first, they will excuse a few mistakes; but, believe me, well cooked meals are perhaps the best recommendation that can be given to your house. I know of one lady who frequented a certain house year after year, chiefly because they made there such good stewed potato. Again, if your boarders happen to splash the fresh wall paper, make a nick on the window sill, or a scratch on the piazza floor, do not worry either yourself or your guests about it. Houses are like all other things; there must be wear and tear to them; they are made to be used and lived in, and will have marks of usage. Do not make your house an idol if it is new and fresh; nothing is more unpleasant than continual warnings to the temporary inhabitants about this or that to be done or not done.

I do not say it is pleasant to take boarders, but many of us have to do it, and a thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Be as cheerful as you can about it, and find as little fault as you can. If you have an inmate who frets at everything, and makes you uncomfortable all the time, you have the remedy in your own hands—you can decline to receive that person another season. If you keep such a house as you can keep, you will find all your boarders wish to come back. There is no better test of a house than the return, year after year, of its guests. There is no worse thing to say than, "People never go there twice!"

To keep summer boarders one ought to have good health, good temper and unfailing patience, and few of us have all these good gifts. We can, however, bear the heat and burden of the day by the help of faith and prayer—aids not merely for Sundays and great griefs or emergencies, but for such trivial needs as the falling of a sparrow and our daily bread.—*Congregationalist.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Beat one egg and add one pint of sweet milk; stir in two cups of soft boiled rice; sift two tablespoonfuls of baking powder in a cupful of flour; stir into the batter, and enough more flour to thicken, about one teaspoonful of salt; bake same as other cakes on hot griddle.

GRAHAM GRIDDLE CAKES.—You can use sweet or sour milk. One pint of sour milk, one beaten egg; thicken with two-thirds sifted graham flour, the other third wheat flour, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved. If you use sweet milk, use baking powder sifted into the flour instead of soda.

BEAN SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Parboil one pint of beans, drain off the water and add fresh, and let boil until tender, season with salt and pepper, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, or more if preferred; when done skim out half the beans, leaving the broth and the remaining half of the beans; now add a teacupful of cream or rich milk, a dozen or more crackers broken up; let it boil up and serve.

AN AGREEABLE CHANGE in cooking a steak is to do it in the oven, prepared, in this way: Cut out all the bone, and sprinke over it bits of butter, salt and pepper and a little sage or thyme, powdered, and a half an onion, finely chopped. Over that spread a thick layer of mashed, well seasoned potatoes. Roll up the steak with the potatoes inside, and secure it well with skewers. Put the meat into a baking pan, with a cup full of rich stock, or even boiling water, and cook slowly, basting it often. Serve with a border of mashed potatoes round it, on the platter, and garnish with parsley.

BEAN POLENTA.—One pint of small, white soup beans, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of French mustard, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Wash the beans and soak them over night in lukewarm water. In the morning, drain off this water, cover with fresh, cold water, bring slowly to a boil, and boil slowly one hour, drain again, cover with one quart of fresh, boiling water, and boil slowly another hour. When done, press through a colander, return to the kettle, add the butter, molasses, mustard, salt, pepper and vinegar; stir and boil ten minutes. Serve in a vegetable tureen.

SNOW PUDDING.—To make snow pudding, cover one half box of gelatine with cold water, and let it soak a half hour; then pour over it one pint of boiling water, add two cups of sugar, and stir until dissolved; then add the juice of three lemons, and strain the whole into a tin basin, place this in a pan of ice-water, and let stand until cold; when cold beat with an egg-beater until as white as snow; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them into the pudding. Turn the pudding into a mold that has been dipped into cold water, and stand it away to harden. Make a sauce with the yolks of the eggs, one quart of milk and a half cup of sugar. Scald the milk, beat yolks and sugar together until light, add them to the milk, and cook two minutes. Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool.

PUZZLES NO. 3.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My first, given in initials, is the opposite of life.
My second, given in finals, is the opposite of wakefulness.
These two greatly resemble, and are sometimes mistaken for each other, but are never the same.
1. The opposite of light. 2. The opposite of good. 3. The opposite of dead. 4. The opposite of false. 5. The opposite of hinder.

HISTORIC ACROSTIC.

1. An ancient historian. 2. A celebrated explorer. 3. An English Princess. 4. An Emperor of Germany. 5. A Mexican people. 6. A former Minister of Russia from the United States. 7. A French battle. 8. An ancient King. 9. One of the Terrorists.
My initials spell a celebrated naval battle between the French and English. My finals, a famous poet and dramatist.

METAGRAM.

'Twas by my aid Columbus came
To find this fair countrie.
And still I carry passengers
To lands across the sea.

Though I'm composed of letters four,
You must not think it strange,
To find an article of dress,
If but my first you change.

My second changed, and you will learn
What happened one sad day,
When naughty little Sammy Green
Stayed out of school to play.

And when another character
For letter third you've put,
You'll find you have a covering
For both the leg and foot.

If, having followed me thus far,
You further still would dare,
Change yet my last and find a man
Who wed a gleaner fair.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Pleiades. Job 38, 3.

P	erfect	Job 1. 1.
L	eviathan	Job 41. 1.
E	ast	Job 1. 3.
I	ntegrity	Job 2. 3.
A	sses	Job 39. 5.
D	ays	Job 7. 6.
E	liphaz	Job 4. 1.
S	tars	Job 32. 7.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—

C O L O G N E
D A L L Y
P E N
B
B U Y
S A L L Y
L U L L A B Y

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Gulf of Finland. Cape Race. Anlmazoo. Newport. Cape Clear. Egypt. Sicily. Hudson Bay. Bay of Biscay. United States. Rhine. North Sea. English Channel. Tasmania. Tokio.

INITIALS.—Frances H. Burnett.

The Family Circle.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

"Partakers of Christ's sufferings."—1 Peter 4: 13.

"No, Lord, I cannot take that cross!
Thy hand is holding it to me, I know;
But it involves too much of pain and loss,
Such crushing down of self and things below!"

Thus spake I to my Lord, and he replied,
With oh! such mournful pathos in his tone:
"I bore much more for thee—for thee I died;
I may not bear this, too, alone—alone.

"I only ask thee just to share its weight,
To take thy part in bearing it with me:
If thou refuse I can no longer wait;
I must seek help, but not again from thee."

He turned to go; methought I saw a tear
Stand for a moment in his calm, sad eye;
Then, with a sudden bound, a sudden fear,
I sprang toward him with a bitter cry:

"O Lord, dear Lord, go not from me away;
I could not live if thou wert gone, my Light!
I will do anything, except that cross!
I cannot share its weight with thee to-night."

One sigh he breathed: then, mournfully, once more
Set forth to journey on his weary way.
My heart stood still, my strength was almost o'er;
"Help me, dear Lord!" was all that I could say.

Immediately he turned, and with a smile,
Again approached me with the dreaded cross;
"Lord, give me strength!" I whispered low the while;
"Help me to bear the bitter shame and loss."

But when I reached my hand that I might hold
That cross I dreaded to my heaving breast,
My Saviour's own strong arms did me enfold,
And in their shelter I had perfect rest.

THE MITE-BOX REVIVAL AT ADVANCEVILLE.

ESTELLE C. LONG, M.D.

"Well," said quiet Mrs. Conservative, "I've no objections to trying the plan. But don't you think we had better just make it a trial, say for the next quarter? I'm afraid you'll find it more work than you want to do."

A peep into the room will disclose the fact that the women there gathered represent the Woman's Foreign Missionary society of Advanceville, while a moment's eavesdropping will reveal the fact that the subject under discussion is the collection of dues and the possibility of returning to the original "two cents a week and a prayer" plan. The annual election of officers has just taken place; there have been almost "enough officers to go round," though on consulting the records 30 or more names are found.

Miss Brown, the newly elected treasurer, had proposed a weekly collection of dues, "the two cents a week," and this had called forth the remark, half willing, half doubtful, with which our story begins.

"Who'll undertake to collect it?" asked Mrs. Moore. "Will you go to each member every week?"

"Ask them to bring it to church every Sunday," suggested Miss Quick.

"You would be the first one to forget to bring your 'two cents,'" said Miss Brown.

Various plans for bringing about this much desired result were discussed, for this little company of faithful ones believed there was a divine impulse in that thought, "two cents a week and a prayer." However, no plan was devised and the meeting adjourned.

"Mrs. Corwin," said Miss Brown, as they walked together towards home, "how many mite-boxes have we 'on duty' in our society?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'on duty.' Mrs. Nonesuch's children have one on duty as savings bank. Biddy Maloney held up for my admiration yesterday a 'swate little green bit of a box, in which I kapes me money for the praste. An' shure, mum, it has prayers all around it, so me little Pat says, him as goes to the kindygarding.' Mrs. Careless, for whom she washes, had given it to her. I could tell you of several other boxes on active duty, but don't know of one that is serving the purpose for which it was intended."

"Don't bother your head over mite-boxes. That plan can't be made to work in Advanceville."

Having delivered herself of these encouraging remarks, Mrs. Corwin bade her companion good-bye as she left her at her own gate.

Miss Brown walked slowly on, still pondering the question of "two cents a week and a prayer," and mite-boxes. It was not so much the two cents as the prayer that she was anxious to secure; the prayer not once a quarter or once a year, but at least once a week, for she had learned in her life lessons that our hearts grow strangely warm toward the ones for whom we constantly pray.

A day or two later Mrs. Conservative meets her and laughingly queries:

"I trust, Miss Brown, you have the 'two cents a week and a prayer' and the mite-box problem solved?"

"The problem is solved," she replied, "and the boxes are ordered. I want your approval of my plan. It is many-sided and broad and I do believe it will work. The preacher said last night we needed more zeal in our work. If that were the only requisite to success I will succeed; we'll have the 'two cents a week—and a prayer,' and our mite-boxes, too. In fancy I can see not the meagre $40 of last year, but double that amount. I see not only our women interested, but the men and children as well. Dr. Baldwin said last summer that we needed to educate the men."

"But, my dear Miss Brown," cried Mrs. Conservative, "you are soaring quite above me. Come down and share your wings with me. Already I feel an increasing zeal for this work. Surely we have not been at our best for the Master. Do you know I am coming to think that it is only half duty when I give all I can in dollars and cents? I believe that God means that we should give not only our money, but ourselves to this work. Oh, no, don't mistake me; there are more ways than one of giving ourselves to the missionary work. How shall I express what I mean? We are to be fishers of men—women here, in a different sense from that ordinarily understood. We are to seek diligently, wisely, to bring others into our work. But there—the plan."

"It's not great, but this is it: When the mite-boxes come, I will write the name of each member upon a mite-box; then Thursday evening I will ask Bro. B. to call attention to them and ask that those who take them will each week put at least two cents in the box—of course as much more as possible, not forgetting the prayer, then the Thursday evening before the last meeting of each quarter we will ask them to return their boxes to the church. You know there are some who never attend our missionary meetings, they think they can't, and we would never see their boxes again, if we depended on receiving them there."

"An excellent plan," declared Mrs. Conservative, "but will they all remember to bring them even to prayer-meeting."

"Why, no, of course not," said Mrs. Brown. "And just here our children will be useful. There are many in the junior league asking for something to do. Now, I shall select as many of those as are needed and make them mite-box collectors. Do you think any child can handle one of those attractive little boxes and not want to know *something* about it? So you see our careless people will be real educators—may almost feel virtuous. Don't fail to be present Thursday evening, to add your zeal to mine."

Thursday evening came. Just before the service closed the mite-boxes were "presented." Miss Brown in a few words explained their plans, and the people were dismissed. Were the mite-boxes eagerly sought for? Well, no; and to less determined spirits the indifference would have been crushing. But quickly filling the arms of three or four ladies with the precious boxes and sending them out into the crowd, they were soon greeted with, "Where's my mite-box?" "I'll take Mrs. M.'s to her." "I'm not a member but can't I have one too?" "Can the girls have a box? We'll promise to put our gum money in." And amid such exclamations and queries the boxes were sent out with earnest prayers.

The three-months rolled by. Thursday night came. Did the mite-boxes come too? Advanceville was a model town, but not perfect, likewise the people of Advanceville. A neat circular letter with a very readable leaflet had been sent the day before to every member, reminding them that mite-boxes were due the next evening.

Near the door of the church was placed a pretty table on which, beside a dainty bouquet, stood the pictures of our missionaries. Leaflets with attractive titles, and the "Take one" proved very tempting.

First came Katy K. with her box carefully folded in tissue paper. It was deposited with many a shake and rattle beside the foundlings. "For," exclaimed Katy, "I should like my pennies to go to help teach them."

Next comes Widow Gray. Surely, if she finds a cent to spare for her mite-box the rest of us are without excuse.

Tears are in her eyes as she places her box tenderly beside Miss Howe's picture. "My Mary," she says, as the pastor's wife comes with her box, "used to go to school with Miss Gertrude." Mary went to heaven about a year ago.

Now the boxes are coming in more rapidly and as they are placed in order many a bit of experience is exchanged, and we begin to feel that the leaven is working. Leaflets are taken, and this, with the continued exchange of experience as they talk by twos and threes till the first hymn is announced, or shall we say it is the blessed Holy Spirit, so warms the hearts of the people that, all unannounced, it is a missionary meeting.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," reads the pastor, Bro. B. The good man is in the spirit, too, in fact, is largely to blame for this turn in affairs. The brethren and sisters pray for the missionaries, not because it is the evening set aside for missionary prayer meeting, but because their hearts go out to them and up to God for them.

As the meeting is about to close Bro. Blunt arises back in the audience with, "See here, Bro. B., I don't propose to let the women folks have the winding up of this affair all to themselves. We men can't get out to their afternoon meeting, and I for one would like to stay awhile and see how much them little rainbow banks have brought into the Lord's treasury."

"Just ought to have seen him," whispered Mrs. Blunt to her next neighbor. "When I first brought my mite-box out, he said he preferred to give his money through the regular collections. But one way and another he's got so interested that I really believe he's put in already more than he usually gives in a whole year."

"Yes, yes," chimes in Bro. Workfast, "don't think I could have found time to come if it hadn't been for the attraction of those mite-boxes. My little Jean brought one home and has turned the whole household into a missionary band with it."

There being a general consent to this plan the table is carried forward. Miss Brown, with Miss Spring to assist her, takes her place. With a penknife she neatly cuts the bottom loose from one side and by pressing down with the knife makes an opening for the money. It is agreed that none but those two shall know whose box is being opened. She looks at the name, counts out the twenty-six cents, which she passes to Miss Spring, who credits the proper person with dues for the quarter. The balance is cast into a basket provided for the purpose. Occasionally a subdued murmur is heard, which indicates that the box in hand is identified by its owner.

Every box contains more than the dues. We can almost fancy that some of the pennies are heavy with prayers. Five boxes are missing. The money in the basket is counted, the sum announced is so much beyond the expectations of the most hopeful that when Bro. B. with a suspicious tremble in his voice rises with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," the whole company join in a chorus of praise. Even Bro. Allheart, who was never known to sing a note in his life, put in a hearty, "Praise the Lord."

The mite-box revival in Advanceville has begun but not ended.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

WHO DOES WANT THEM, ANYWAY?

The *Union Signal* says:

The fight against saloons in Hyde Park, Englewood, Evanston, and other aristocratic suburbs of Chicago, has brought out many notable facts, among which is that the strongest advocates of high license are never ready to have a saloon planted near their own doors, no matter how much license it pays. The editors of some papers who are most ready to declare that prohibition cannot prohibit, and that high license is the only way to control the traffic, are ready to fight against having the prohibited districts given over to the saloons. They are as ready to meet every argument for saloons there, as though they had not used the same arguments against State and national prohibition. We have never seen a more conclusive answer to the argument (?) that saloons enhance the price of real estate than the *Chicago Tribune* gives. It says: "This cannot be said in earnest, for it is known that the fact is just the other way. The saloon never enhances values; it always pulls them down. The residents of the districts which are menaced doubtless know this, and no such talk will induce them to let up in their fight for the maintenance of their rights. Here and there a corner lot, exceptionally well placed for saloon business, might bring more than at present, but the value of the neighboring property would be lowered at once."

THREE FACTS.

One of the finest missionary speeches ever made was by the Rev. Dr. Inglis, in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. As sometimes happens, there were more missionaries than minutes at the disposal of the Court, and good Dr. Inglis, being reminded of the virtue of brevity, limited himself to the following:—"Fathers and brethren, we are often told that missionaries should content themselves with stating facts, and leave the church to draw the inference. There are three facts which I wish to bring before the Court. I place on your table," suiting the action to the word, "the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, translated into the language of Aneityum. That, Moderator, is my first fact. I place on your table the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' of John Bunyan, translated into the language of Aneityum," placing a second book beside the first; "that is my second fact." Then reverently taking into his hands a volume larger and yet more precious, while his eye looked lovingly on the pages that had cost him years of toil, he deposited it, too, beside the rest, exclaiming. "Finally, I place on your table the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments translated into the language of Aneityum. And now, Moderator, having given you the facts, I leave the church to draw the inference," and so sat down amid a storm of applause.

A REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind, as he rested at Harwich the preceding night, which was very stormy, as he thought upon the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said—

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, do you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, do you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then pray, sir—excuse me—but do you not think that you may trust him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; but, turning about, soon fell fast asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

THE TIME IS SHORT, and so let us put intensity of soul into its improvement. Each hour when gone, is gone forever! Do not squander it.

THE REV. JOHN McNEILL.

Many people will be interested in knowing that the Rev. John McNeill is not a pure Scot, and that Scotland cannot take the full credit for her talented son. To be sure, he was born in Scotland, and his mother was of Highland descent, but his father was an Irishman from the county Antrim. Mr. McNeill is proud of the fact that he comes of poor and honest parents. Not "poor *but* honest," as many are fond of putting it, as though to be poor usually meant to be wicked too; that idea he always laughs at. His father was a quarry man at Houston, and later on a foreman at Inverkip, a beautiful village on the Firth of Clyde. He is remembered as possessing a quick wit and racy humor and as being quite at home in addressing evangelistic meetings, so that his wit and humor are evidently not the only characteristics which have decended to his son. He died in June, 1889. The following tribute to his memory is by his daughter Kate:

"He left us naught that could be sold,
We will not fight about his gold;
But all that strengthens for the strife,
And leads us to the higher life—
All that we know of peace and gladness,
Solace true in hours of sadness;
Great deliverance from the devil's snares
Has come in answer to our father's prayers."

John McNeill was born at Houston, Renfrewshire, on July 7, 1854.

"After a plain but thorough common school education, says an English paper, we find young McNeil, at the age of sixteen, acting as ticket clerk, railway porter, and making himself generally useful at the small station of Inverkip. 'I began life in the railway service,' he once said, 'and it taught me all the best lessons of my life.' It was here while coupling waggons that he had a narrow escape, the buffers having nipped his fingers. Promotion, or at least a change of duties, came after three years' service, for we find him second booking clerk at the Caledonian station, Cathcart street, Greenock. Then came a removal to the Caledonian railway office, in Princes-street, Edinburgh, where, not receiving the assistance in his duties which he felt he needed, he made another move over to the service of the North British as clerk in the General Superintendent's office. When nineteen he had declared himself on the Lord's side, and it was at this period that he distinguished himself for the interest he took in the Young Men's Christian Association, St. Andrew street. His power as a public speaker was unmistakable, and it was the impression made on Dr. Whyte and Mr. W. J. Duncan, manager of the National Bank, which destinated his career. His mother was consulted as to this important step. "I never told you," she said, with quivering lip, "but I meant you for that from the first."

"Arrangements were made whereby he entered Edinburgh University in 1877, and remained for three years; four years more were spent in the Glasgow Free College. While at college he acted as a missionary in connection with Free St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, and while in his last session at college he took an important step in life, which many would have declared highly imprudent—he got married. Mrs. McNeill, who belonged to Gavington, Berwickshire, died in London on the 7th of July last. Thus was the ministry of Mr. McNeill in London beclouded by an inexpressible sorrow.

"We next find Mr. McNeill in charge of a mission at Glenboig, near Glasgow, where, like Mr. Spurgeon, he indulged in open-air preaching, and gained experience in his work amongst the poor, to fit him for his more important work in life. The little brick church at Glenboig was crowded; he gained the affections of the people, and there was fruit of his ministry which only the great day shall declare. In 1886 he accepted the pastorate of the McCrie Roxburgh Free Church, Edinburgh, which rapidly filled with an eager and attentive auditory. In his later ministry there, the circus in Nicholson street would be packed on Sabbath evenings by 4,000 men and women gathered from all parts of the city. A hearer at one of his week-night services describes him as the Scotch Spurgeon a well-built, dark complexioned, full bearded West of Scotland man, of about thirty years of age. He is quite at ease in the pulpit, and his reading of the opening psalm and the chapter show his original methods. You feel that he has himself realized the truth he is preaching, that it possesses him, and, like a fire in his bones, must find utterance. In the Metropolitan Tabernacle he has had over 6,000 hearers; at the Central Hall, Holborn, and Exeter Hall, he is popular also; and he once spoke for one hour and forty minutes to an audience in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

"In January, 1889, the permission of the Edinburgh Free Presbytery was granted for Mr. McNeill's removal to London as pastor of Regent square church. He left many sad hearts in Edinburgh on his removal. He is the very man that London needs. His freshness of feeling, illustrations, anecdotes, and intense earnestness recommend the Gospel to the careless and godless, and hold up and edify the saints of God. His sermons, like those of Mr. Spurgeon, are issued weekly, at the price of one penny.

"He felt strangely drawn toward London as the centre of this great moving world of men, with all their mundane and extra-

THE REV. JOHN McNEILL.

mundane and eternal concerns. When there, he felt carried along as in a railway train—not in a first, second, or third class carriage, but standing on the foot-plate of the rocking engine, where you hear the beating of its mighty heart.' The young Scottish preacher, with less of culture and scholarship than his great predecessors in Regent square, Edward Irving, James Hamilton, and Dr. Dykes, has been warmly welcomed, and is fulfilling his mission with power and success. Says one who knows him, 'Success has justified this holy daring of Mr. McNeill, and responsive London has leaped up to welcome him with open arms. It delights in his splendid zeal, and in the freshness and power of his living message, and wherever his name is announced eager faces and responsive people crowd to hear him. Dramatic, witty, anecdotal, impassioned, the new preacher has stamped himself as a great evangelist for the multitude."

Reading such words as the above, it is with mixed feelings that one turns to learn that he has resigned this charge and gone to Scotland to work in connection with Mr. Moody. The following extract from his farewell sermon shows with sufficient clearness his reasons for so doing.

His text was 1st Chronicles xii. 22—"For at that time day by day there came to David to help him until it was a great host, like the host of God."

"He had come amongst them," he said, "preaching about David, and he would leave them doing the same. Christ was the David of to-day. Religion on its practical side meant that they were come to help David. But helping David caused great searchings of heart. If they helped the Lord as little as they helped the minister, then they were not of much account. They need not come to the prayer-meeting and whine and whine for the Lord to send another man after his own heart if they were going to treat him as they had treated the men who already had had to rule over them. He did not speak of himself personally, for, so far as anybody could see, their presence or their absence simply meant nothing. They had been standing in room that was meant for real live men. So it was while he was there, and so it was with his predecessors, and was it going to be the same with the man that was to come after him? Not if he could help it. It was simply a matter of moonshine whether they took what he said well or ill, whether they were offended or pleased. Nothing filled the minister's heart more tormentingly than to glance down the communion roll, and see the names of people who were there and nothing more. What had they done to help David? They might think he was rather hard on them in a farewell sermon. Perhaps the thing that should be done was to shed tears and be choking. He was concerned about the dead-heads that were not coming to help David. These were the men who were mightily concerned about what they called ministerial dignity. Let them confess, repent and retire. Although he was going away that was neither here nor there. The battle had to be fought. Might they live to thank God for their minister's farewell address. Might they be able to say that it made them hang their heads in shame and ask what loafers they had been. They might have criticised, grumbled and complained, but might they be able to say that McNeill's last bolt sped home and laid them low. He was going to Scotland to help David. If his lips should be sealed in death immediately afterwards, he would be satisfied if God only gave the opportunity of serving him day by day for a whole year."

SIGNING THE FARM AWAY.

Fine old farm, for a hundred years
Kept in the family name;
Cornfields rich with golden ears
Oft as the harvest came.
Crowded barn and crowded bin,
And still the loads kept crowding in—
Rolling in for a hundred years;
And the fourth in the family line appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;
Cider—forty barrels, they say—
Sure in season to come from the mill;
To be tasted round Thanksgiving Day.
And they drank as they worked, and they
drank as they ate,
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great mishap
To be found "without a barrel on tap."

But, while the seasons crept along,
And passions into habits grew,
Their appetites became as strong,
As ever a drunkard knew.
And they labored less and they squandered
more,
Chiefly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff one bitter day,
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father shattered and scented with rum,
The mother, sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
In debt for the bed she was dying in;
Oh, I saw the wrecked household around her
stand—
And the justice lifted her trembling hand,
Helping her as in her pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

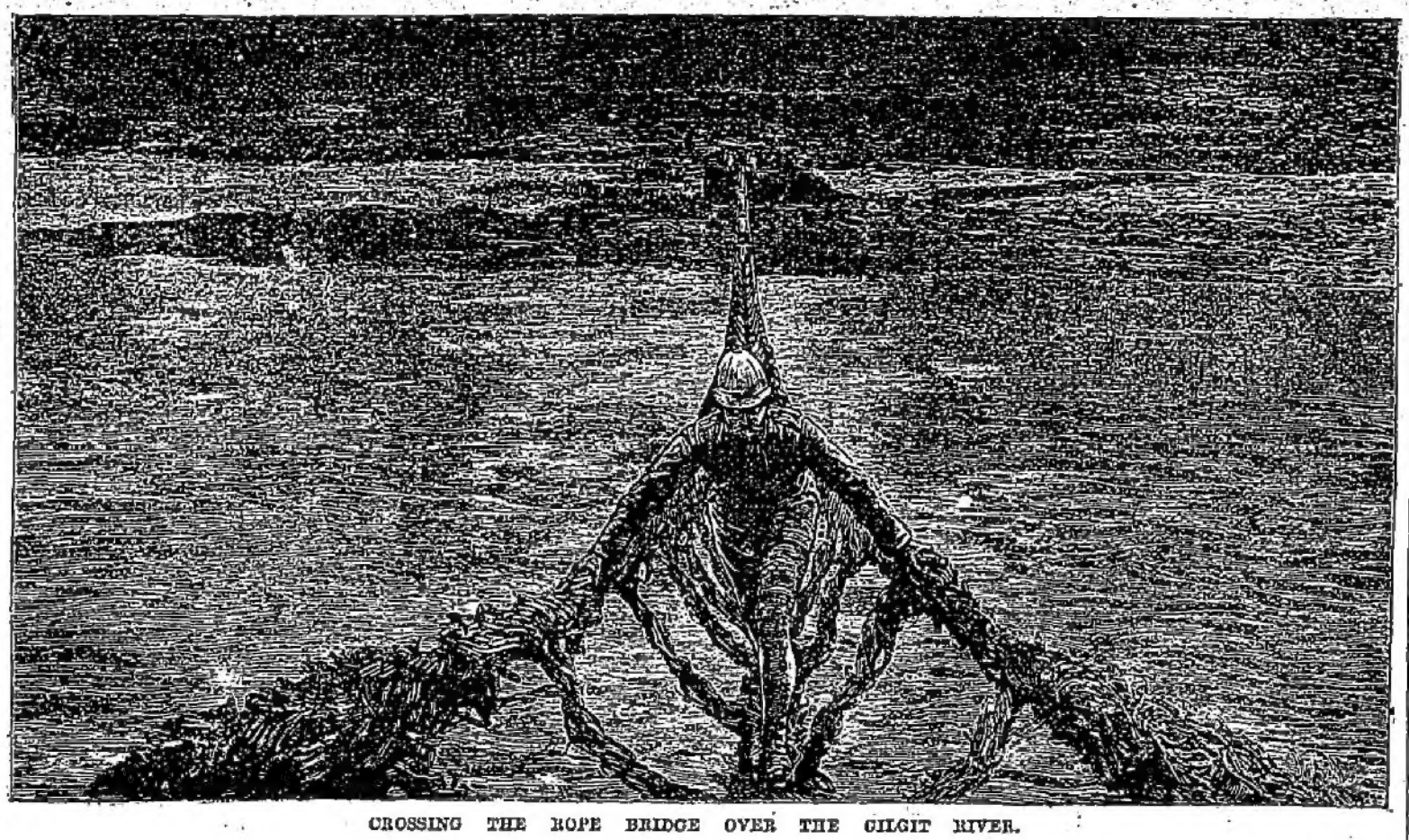
Ah, how she wept! And the flood of tears
Swept down her cheeks, once fair;
And the father, already bowed with years,
Bowed lower with despair.
Drink! Drink! It has ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below,
And forced them poor, and old and gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many scenes have I met in life,
And many a call to pray;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's
wife
Signing the farm away;
Home, once richest in all the town,
Home in that fatal cup poured down,
Worse than fire's or flood's dismay—
Drunkard signing the farm away!

—*Rev. W. W. Cochrane in Union Signal.*

A FEW FACTS.

Mrs. Mary K. Rankin, superintendent of narcotics for Illinois, has prepared a strong memorial to the committee on temperance of the Presbyterian Church, and sent copies to all the Presbyterian ministers, the clerks of sessions, and chairmen of temperance committees in the state. In it she brings out facts like these: The United States annually spends $600,000,000 on tobacco and $5,500,000 on foreign missions. The internal revenue reports show this alarming increase in the use of tobacco in 1890 over 1891: In cigars, 220,504,343; in cigarettes, 81,739,320; in pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco, 15,607,268. Many church members and officers are engaged in the manufacture and sale of tobacco. Eighty diseases are said to result from its use, and 20,000 deaths to occur annually in this country from its use. In view of these and other facts which she presents she asks that the Presbytery require all students preparing for the ministry, to be free from this vice; the students in military and naval academies are subject to this requirement, why should not those who are to preach the gospel be so likewise? Presbytery is requested to recommend to its ministers abstinence from the filthy thing; it is also requested to instruct its elders to forbear its use and to use their influence to banish it from the churches. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."



CROSSING THE ROPE BRIDGE OVER THE GILGIT RIVER.

A CURIOUS BRIDGE.

Away up in the province of Kashmir is the scene of one of the latest British frontier wars. Gilgit, the scene of the war, is one of the least known of British dependencies. It is in the furthest northern corner of Kashmir and is hemmed in by difficult mountain ranges and cut up by numerous rivers and streams which render communication extremely difficult. It is across these streams that these curious bridges are flung. They are made by the natives simply of birch twigs plaited together, and will bear a considerable strain. A dozen men can cross them at a time. The one shown in the picture spans the Yarsan river near Gilgit. This town of Gilgit stands 4,800 feet above the level of the sea, and possesses a fort which is the chief stronghold of the Maharajah of Kashmir in this remote portion of his dominion.

"FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED."

BY GRACE LIVINGSTONE.

Three young men sat together one Sunday afternoon in the reception room of a private boarding-house. The day was rainy and disagreeable, and at least two of the young men looked bored by the state of circumstances. They had read the morning paper through, yawned many times, and made all the remarks about the weather that they could think of. The third young man was a comparative stranger to the others. He was a young fellow with quiet manners and a frank, open face, which commanded respect and invited friendship. Both Edward Burton and Charlie Stone felt a desire to know him better as they watched him set himself by the window with his open book. That pleasant, firm mouth and those wisely merry eyes were interesting. They felt impelled to enter into conversation with him, and each searched his mind for a topic with which to begin. Edward Burton found it first, and began, "Did you go out to see Bernhardt last evening, Murray?"

"No, I did not."

There seemed to be a quiet putting aside of the subject in the tone of this answer, and Edward was quick enough to see that he had started out on a wrong line; but Charlie was full of enthusiasm the minute the subject was mentioned.

"Oh, didn't you go? That's too bad. You missed it. But perhaps you were there the night before? It's the finest thing of the season."

The mild, quiet eyes were raised again, and the young man replied, "I never attend the theatre."

There was none of the "I-am-better-than-thou" tone in this reply; and therefore the young men did not feel as if a bombshell had exploded in their midst, making it desirable to close up the conversation as soon as possible and get out of the room, but rather experienced a feeling of wonder and perhaps of a sort of envy at this young acquaintance who could so composedly say that he never took part in what was to them so intense a pleasure, and almost a constant temptation.

"Don't you ever go?" asked Edward. "I know many people do not approve of Bernhardt. I don't much myself. I just thought I'd go once. But there are good theatres, good, helpful plays, instructive, you know, and all that. Don't you go to any theatres?"

"No," was the pleasant answer. "I don't go to any."

"Well, I'm sure I wish you'd tell me why," said Charlie. "Of course, there are bad theatres, but I don't see what that has to do with the good ones. You might as well say you won't read any books at all because there are some bad ones written. That would cut you off from the Bible, don't you see? What's the difference? I've been to some theatres that did me a great deal of good. I have been to theatres all my life and never got any harm from them that I could see. What's your theory, anyway?"

"My theory is this," answered the young man thus appealed to, "the theatre, as an institution, is a bad thing. Its principal actors and actresses are people of known immoral character; the large majority of the plays enacted have at least objectionable portions, which is putting it very mildly; if you don't believe that, study up the question and you'll find it so; I have a little book upstairs that you can read if you like. It is called 'Plain Talks About the Theatre.' It is by Dr. Herrick Johnson, a man who knows what he is talking about; and it contains some of the most tremendous facts I have ever found. It makes this a solemn question."

"Well, but," said Charlie, who had evidently been waiting impatiently for a chance to speak, "what's that got to do with the good ones? I suppose there are bad ones, but I can't see why that should affect the good ones. I think they're all right. I can't see any harm in going to a theatre when it's a good play."

"For one thing," answered young Murray, quietly, "the same management that on one, or two, or three nights in the week places upon its stage what is commonly called a good play, the other nights in the week places there something which you could not in decency listen to, or observe—"

"Stay away then," interrupted Charlie, eagerly; "don't you see, you'd only be patronizing the good ones, and showing the management that you could only uphold the good ones?" He finished with a triumphant flourish, as if he thought there was nothing left to be said.

"But," said the other, smiling, "your money goes to help along a management that is doing a business of death. What do you suppose it matters to them what you pay them your money for? They are willing you should choose Monday night instead of Tuesday. On Monday night they will take your money, and on Tuesday they will take the money of some poor soul who hasn't your moral sense, who has perhaps seen you enter the same building the evening before, and knowing you to be a Christian, thinks your example one to be followed; and it may be on Tuesday night there is something for him to see that will plant the seeds of eternal death in his soul."

"Oh, well," said Charlie, carelessly, "I can't be looking out for every one else. If I take care of myself and see that I do what is right, I think I'll be doing pretty well. If other people have a mind to go wrong, why, I can't help it."

"Can't you? Oughtn't you to help it?" said the other young man, lifting those quiet gray eyes to look searchingly at him. "What will you do when God asks you as he asked Cain, 'Where is thy brother?' The Bible says that 'none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself,' and it tells us that 'we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves,' and 'Let no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.'"

"My! You have them right at your tongue's end, haven't you?" exclaimed Charley, admiringly.

But Edward's face was more serious.

"I never realized that there were so many verses of that sort in the Bible. Do you really think it ought to be taken so literally? Haven't the times changed a great deal and people's views grown broader? If you reason in the way that you have done, that would set up a pretty high standard. Why, we couldn't do a thing without stopping to think whether it was going to hurt some one," he said.

"Yes," said the young man, "I suppose times have changed. We have theatres, and dancing, and card-playing, and Sabbath observance, and a good many other things of that sort to think about now instead of the question of eating meat that was offered to idols; but I do not see how that changes the principle any. I suppose people's views are growing broader, but I do not see why that gives us any right to broaden the Bible rules. God himself said that the road that led to death was broad, and that many travelled in it, and that the way of life was narrow and that there were few who found it. Keeping in mind that word of his, it seemed to me a dangerous thing when we can look ahead of us and see the path growing broad. You and I are supposed to be in the 'straight and narrow way,' I believe;" and as he said this the look on his face was one of tender brotherly friendship, that made his two companions feel that they were honored by his acquaintance, and that it was their privilege to live on higher ground than that on which they had been living.

"As to the verses I quoted," he went on, after pausing a moment, "there are scores of them. Listen;" and he drew from his inner pocket a small pocket Bible, and turned over the leaves rapidly. "'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' 'But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak. . . And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died? But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ. Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'"

Charlie gave a prolonged, sober whistle.

"That's putting it pretty strong, I must admit," he said. "You seem to know all about that book. Wish I knew as much. You ought to be a minister."

"I have been preaching quite a sermon, haven't I?" he said. "Well, you should not have started me off."

"Oh, don't stop," said Edward. "I'm interested. I've been troubled about the thing sometimes myself. My father didn't approve of it; but he never told me his reasons, and I couldn't see that it ever did me any harm; so I went. But now I can see that for the sake of the influence of the thing perhaps a Christian ought not to go. If that is so,—and I'm afraid it is,—why, I should be willing to give it up. I want to think a little more about it."

Charlie surveyed his friend with a quick, astonished expression, and perhaps there was mingled with the look a new touch of respect. It was something, in his estimation, to be able to give up pleasure for a principle. He did not quite understand the motive that prompted it, but he could appreciate the act.

"H'm!" said he at last "Well, I can't say I'm ready for just that. It would be pretty tough for me to give up going to the theatre for the sake of some old fellow down on Scrogg's Lane, if that's where you located the 'weak brother.' I'd have to think a long time before I made up my mind to that, I'm afraid."

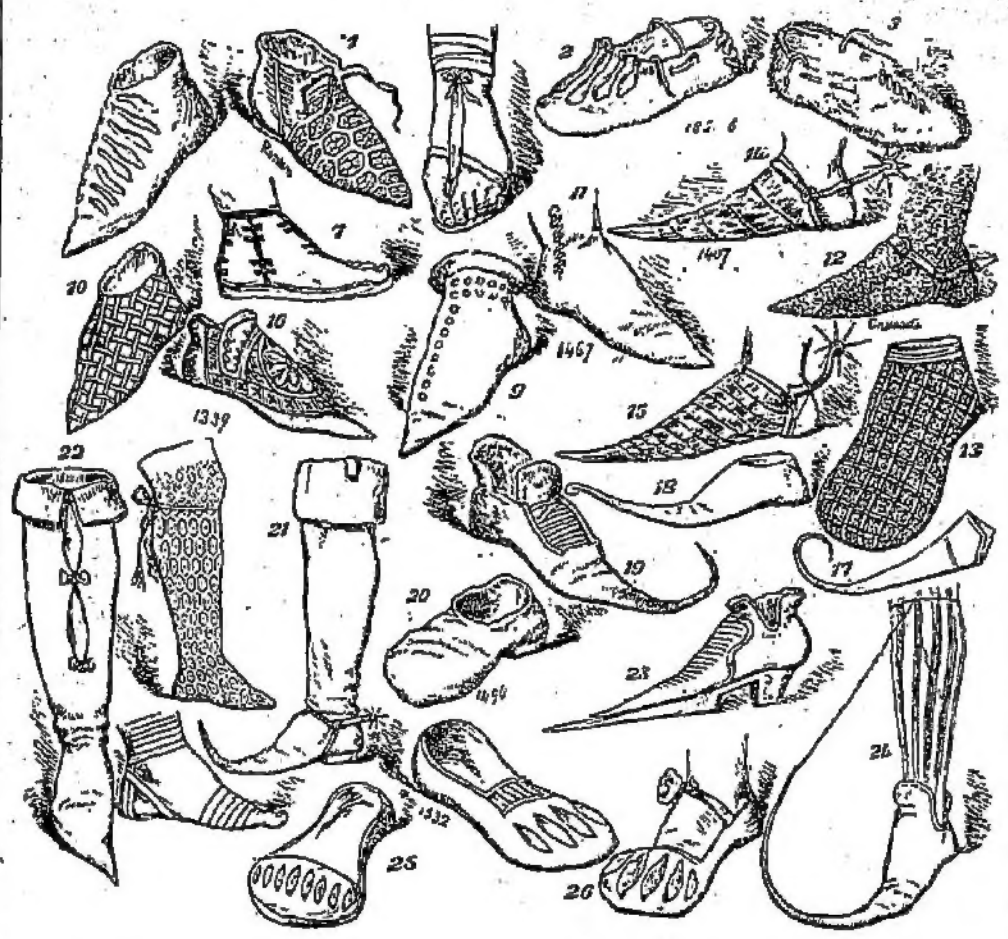
"You are both talking on the theory that it does no harm to you personally to go, aren't you? Now, I don't admit that quite," said young Murray. "I can't see why you are not harming yourself every time you pay out your money to an institution that is such a power in degrading the world and pulling down all moral standards. Why, is it not an inevitable harm to yourself to allow yourself to become so fascinated with such a thing that you hesitate about giving it up for the sake of some other one? It seems to me that it cannot fail to lead one farther from Christ. It certainly will not help on in the Christian life. Then, too, the majority of even what you call 'good plays' are poor trash as regards literature, and their code of honor is that of the world, and not of Christ's followers. Their standards are worldly standards, and they hold up for approval deeds that belong to the world, the world from which we are told to come out and be separate."

The tea-bell broke the silence that followed these words. The afternoon was over. Young Murray felt half sorry that he had said as much as he had done. But he did not know how he could conscientiously have said less.

Charlie Stone was the first to walk out at the door; and as the other two followed him, Edward placed his hand detainingly upon Frank Murray's arm, and said in a low tone: "I thank you for what you have said this afternoon. I have never thought of these things in just that way. I think it will make some difference in my life."—*Golden Rule.*

THE CAUSE OF THE BOOM.

The Washington *Post*, commenting upon the effect of the prohibition of the liquor traffic within one mile of the Soldiers' Home, says "Real estate has taken a boom everywhere within the prohibition zone." It adds that "the abolition of the liquor traffic throughout all that section of the city made real estate investors eager to get hold of property there," and that "there is no other part of the city or district where an absolute absence of the liquor business is assured."



MEDIÆVAL SHOES.

Among the old shoes disinterred at various times in this country, those which belong to Romano-British or Plantagenet times exhibit a very advanced state of the gentle craft. Thus Fig. 1 in our engraving illustrates a Roman shoe found in a tomb at Southfleet in Kent during the year 1802. It evidently belonged to a person of rank, for it is of purple leather, beautifully reticulated. But others have been found formed out of one piece of untanned leather, and slit in various places, through which a thong was passed, which, being fastened round the ankle, drew them tight like a purse. Shoes thus constructed, Planche says, were worn within recent times in Ireland. The two specimens given, and marked Figs. 2 and 3, are in the Royal Irish Academy, and are described as ancient Irish shoes.

Meyrick says the shoes worn by the original inhabitants of the British Isles were made of raw cowhide, having the hair turned outwards, and coming up as high as the ankle.

Froissart relates, that, in the retreat of the Scotch before the army of Edward III. in 1327, "they left behind them more than x.m. (10,000) olde shoos made of rawe lether with the heare styll on them."

The Franks are also described as making their shoes of skins on which the hair remained.

To judge from these examples it would seem as if the primitive shoe was a mere piece of raw hide, tied by a thong or thongs round the foot.

By the time Christianity is seen making conspicuous conquests among the Teutonic invaders, a style of shoe had come to be used which in form was almost the same as our own.

The Anglo-Saxon shoes resembled those of the Carlovingian Franks, only, instead of being cut out square over the instep, they were slit straight down to the toe (Fig. 6). The old German wore an almost identical shoe. The Anglo-Saxon also wore a short boot, and then a sock over his stocking. Such a mode of foot-gear was much affected by the clergy. Sandals being considered the peculiar covering for the feet of saints and other religious persons (Fig. 7), the shoes of the clergy were ornamented by bands crossing them in imitation of the thongs of sandals.

The Germans wore a shoe made like that of the Saxons, open over the instep to the toe, and both these peoples, as well as the Franks, ornamented their shoes with studs (Fig. 9).

The shoes of reasonable people in most parts of Christian Europe continued throughout the Middle Ages to be formed to the shape of the foot, and very much of the fashion worn by the same sort of people in the present day (Figs. 10, 11).

However, the eleventh century, and still more the latter half of the fourteenth and the greater part of the fifteenth, are distinguished for a form of shoe which is without doubt among the maddest of all the aberrations of fashion.

We hear of it first in connection with the vicious court of William Rufus. Ordericus Vitalis ascribes its origin to a desire on the part of Fulk, Count of Anjou, to hide the great bunions which deformed his feet.

Good Bishop Serlo, preaching before Henry I. in the village church of Charenton, in Normandy, set forth the sufferings of the people and the violence and the vice of the ruling caste. "These sons of Belial," he said, "dress their hair like women, while they wear things like scorpion's tails at the extremity of their feet, thus exhibiting themselves as women by their effeminacy and serpents by their pointed fangs." However, the "pigaces" kept their ground, for in the reign of Stephen we find them worn by Robert of Chester, as appears from his seal

In fact the peaked shoe was but an exaggeration of a fashion long prevalent, and in its ordinary form may be seen in Fig. 12, foot of a Crusader.

Mediæval shoes, whether pointed or round-toed, were adorned with various kinds of splendid ornamentation (Fig. 13). The effigy of Henry III. of England at Westminster is remarkable for the splendor of the shoes. They are crossed at right angles by golden bands all over, each intervening square containing the figure of a lion.

In the days of Edward II. even ostlers had to be rebuked for luxurious foot-gear. Very moderate examples of the knightly foot-gear of the fifteenth century are given in Figs. 14 and 15. Long-peaked boots submitted, like all outward things, to the rise and decline of the artistic taste, becoming purer in outline and in design with the dawn of social reform, and returning into extreme ugliness under Richard II.

In the chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster formerly existed some wall-paintings, in which the shoes were the finest examples known of the mediæval shoe, and perhaps might compete for beauty of form and the design of the ornament with anything ever turned out by the gentle craft. Fairholt speaks of them as "beyond all Greek, all Roman fame." The ornament on the instep of one of them (Fig. 16) affords an illustration of Chaucer's description of the dress of the young priest Absolon, who had—

"Paule's windowe corven on his shoes."

Very soon after Richard II. began to reign a very great decline is observable in public taste, exhibiting itself especially in foot-gear, which became monstrous. Snouts of about six inches long stuffed with moss were fastened on to the end of the shoe (Fig. 17). This appendage was called a cracowe. The beautiful shoes of the early part of the century had more than ever taken a senseless form. On the feet of three figures in a MS. in the Royal Collection, said to represent the three uncles of Richard II. are shoes that exceed in length all ever before known. Fig. 18 is a mild form of this mode.

In the reaction against loose fashions ensuing on the fall of Richard II. shoes were during the next two reigns reduced to moderate dimensions, but in that of Henry VI. they started out again with redoubled vigor. It was about this time that the long-peaked shoe became known in France as the *chaussure à poulaine* (Fig. 19).

Charles V. of France put the long-toed shoe down, and for a time an extremely square shoe with a rounded toe became the vogue (Fig. 20). However, the peaked toes asserted themselves again, and in France and Germany men wore points of iron a foot long attached to the toes of their shoes, through which a chain was passed, so that they were held aloft in the air. In England we learn from a contemporary author that men wore shoes and pattens snouted and piked more than a finger long, crooking upwards, resembling devil's claws, and fastened to the knees with chains of gold and silver. In 1465 "it was proclaimed throughout England that the beakes or pikes of shoos and boots should not pass two inches in length uppon payne of cursing by the clergie and forfeiting 20 shillings."

In Edward the Fourth's reign long boots appear to have been worn with pointed up-turned toes, and a great collar of lighter leather, like the top-boot of our own age (Fig 21). In another form the boot opens all the way down and is tied at intervals by strings (Fig. 22).

The "peaked shoon" were rendered still more monstrous by the mode introduced about the time of Henry VI. of wearing an overshoe or clog with the pike attached to the end. This extraordinary foot-gear necessitated the using a staff if the wearer was weak in the ankles (Fig. 23).

Besides the clog there was an overshoe, which also was piked. It was shaped like a skate, and bound to the foot by an upper piece and a strap and buckle. Richard III. wore such an overshoe, but it was evidently only a piece of dandyism, whereas the clog appears to have been intended for out-door use.

In 1383 high-born folly had reached such a length that men of fashion were obliged to tie their serpentine toes to their knees with chains of silver gilt or at least with silk laces (Fig. 24).—*R. Heath, in Leisure Hour.*

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG CONVERTS.

BY REV. A. H. BRADFORD, D.D.

If the young convert, before joining the church, would take these questions and write out honest answers to each one of them, he would be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. They have been published in tract form by the Congregational Publishing Society.

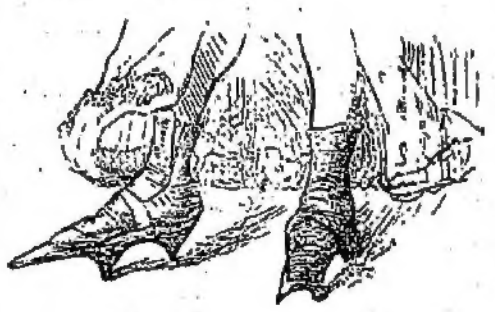
1. What is it to be a Christian?
2. How do Christians differ from those who are not Christians?
3. How may you learn whether you are a Christian or not?
4. Why do you believe you are a Christian?
5. What are the evidences of the Christian life given by the Apostle Paul, and called the fruits of the spirit?
6. What is it to be a sinner?
7. How do you know that you are a sinner?
8. What are the conditions on which sins may be forgiven?
9. Is there any other way of salvation revealed, except through Jesus Christ?
10. What do you mean when you speak of Christ as your Saviour? From what does he save? When does he save?
11. Do you trust the Saviour when he says that, if you are truly penitent, your sins may be forgiven?
12. Does the Saviour help you to overcome the temptations of your daily life?
13. Do you believe that God is your Heavenly Father; and that he loves you and wants you to love and serve him?
14. Have you promised God to serve him so long as you shall live?
15. Is it your determination henceforward to submit to be led in all things by the Lord Jesus Christ, asking in regard to all things what is His will?
16. What do you find in the Bible assuring you that if you thus submit to him, he will accept and save you?
17. How do you regard the Bible, and what value has it to you?
18. Have you regular times for reading your Bible, and for prayer?
19. What is a Christian church?
20. Why ought all Christians, who can, to unite with the church?
21. What are the sacraments of the church?
22. What is the significance of baptism?
23. What is the significance of the Lord's Supper?
24. What is the duty of all members of the church to the church and to the other members also?
25. Have you carefully examined the articles of faith and covenant of the church with which you propose to unite; and, so far as you understand them, do they substantially express your belief and purpose?
26. Are you ready to consecrate yourself to God and his service, publicly, by uniting with the church at such a time as your Christian lives shall commend you to the committee as worthy to become members of the church?
27. Do you understand that it is better to answer every one of these questions incorrectly than to answer all of them aright, without honesty and sincerity?—*Golden Rule.*

SELF-DENIAL AND THE POWER OF A SIXPENCE.

"I suppose there can be no doubt whatever," says the author of "Fancy Fair Religion," "that Christians in deed as well as in name amongst the poor, give of their substance out of all proportion more than do most of those in easy and comfortable circumstances. The following story was told to me not long since by one upon whose testimony I can implicitly rely. A poor Scotchwoman, in receipt of parish relief, used to put by regularly a penny at a time to give to foreign missions, and as often as her pennies amounted to five shillings, she forwarded that amount to the London office. One day a lady visitor looked in, and asked the old woman if she had lately had any meat. She answered she had not, so the lady gave her sixpence to buy some. She thought, however, 'I have long done very well on my porridge; so I will give this sixpence also to God, as well as my regular penny,' and five shillings and sixpence was sent up after the usual interval, with an explanation put in the briefest terms about the extra sixpence. At a missionary breakfast given shortly afterwards by a wealthy man, at whose house the secretary of the society was staying, the conversation naturally turned upon gifts offered to God on behalf of the spread of the Gospel of his Son, and the secretary brought out and read the poor woman's letter. The host and his guests were greatly touched, the host declaring he had never heard such a story, and was certain he had never denied himself a chop for the cause of God, and added, 'You may put down my name at once for £500.' Another gentleman said the same, and before that breakfast party broke up more than £2,200 had been collected, and the secretary was requested to write and tell the poor old woman how her example had been the means of collecting that large sum." Surely "those are last which shall be first, and those are first which shall be last."

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY.

It is a greater trespass on individual liberty to refuse to let a man sell harmless oleomargarine, and an infinitely greater trespass to require him to be inoculated with a filthy disease than to forbid him to spread moral pestilence by means of a bar-room.—*Montreal Witness.*



BOYS WANTED.

"Wanted—a boy." How often we
These very common words may see!
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for every thing under the sun.
All that the men to-day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too;
For the time is coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay,—
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life, and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plough and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun;
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brain will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy.
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

—*Chicago Post.*

WHAT CRUELTY TO ANIMALS LEADS TO.

"Mrs. Cray, your boy is abusing a cat, and very badly. You had better step out and see to him." A neighbor who was passing an open window where Mrs. Cray sat sewing, said this.

Mrs. Cray looked up with a most unpleasant expression of face, and made no reply, until the neighbor was beyond hearing. Then she growled, rather than spoke, "I do wish people would mind their own business."

As if it were not the "business," yes, and the imperative duty of every one, to prevent harm, and to do good whenever there is opportunity, and especially in the case of wrong to human beings, or cruelty to helpless animals.

Then she rose, and going to the back door, called sweetly to her son, "Nonie, my love, come to mother. She has got a turn-over for you. Poor dear," she said, mentally, "he is so active, and has no brother to play with him."

Nonie flung down the cat he had been tormenting and choking, which was now forever out of the reach of tormentors, and leaping rudely up the back steps, bumped forcibly against his mother, shouting, "Where's yer turn-over, mam? Hurry up and give me it. An' I want two."

"I have only one, dear; grandma gave it to me."

"Yas, one little thing like that! I don't know which is meanest, you or granny. There!" and the boy crowded the whole turn-over, at two bites, into his wide mouth.

"I'll make you some more this forenoon, sonny," said Mrs. Cray.

"Well, see that you make 'em sweeter, a good deal sweeter than this one," was the young ruler's command. Then he ran out to seek for more mischief to do.

That afternoon an old aunt of Mrs. Cray's came to visit her, and to spend a few days at her house.

"It is prayer-meeting night, aunt; would you like to go?" said Mrs. Cray.

"I think not, niece. I seldom go out of an evening. Am too blind and tired. Susie, dear, I am come to that time of life when bed has more attraction for me when darkness falls, than any other place in this world."

"Well, auntie, just as you say. And I will stay at home with you, if you desire it."

"Oh, no, my dear, you go by all means. I will go to bed very soon after you leave. Where is Nonie? Does he go to meeting with you?"

"Not often, aunt; he don't like the confinement, and I do not like to force him, lest I cause him to take a prejudice against such things."

To this the old lady made no reply; but her thoughts fled backward to a time when beside her in prayer-meeting sat two bright little ones, who never took the least dislike to "such things." Long ago they had departed from the earth, at peace with him of whom they heard in those meetings as at home.

"That is your room, aunt; you can open the door now, and let it get well warmed. And you can undress right here by the fire. Why, Nonie, what are you doing in here?"

"Nothing much," said the lad, almost upsetting his mother in the rush he made from the room, thence to the street door, and away into the night.

"Well, I'm sure!" ejaculated the surprised old woman.

"He is such an active boy," admiringly remarked the mother.

"But do you think he is safe, off so in the evening?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so. He has no playmate at home, you know, so he needs some change and diversion."

Auntie said nothing. "You needn't mind anything about him. I'll leave the door unlocked, and you go to bed any time you want to. I hope you will sleep well and feel well and bright in the morning."

"Thank you, niece, I hope I shall."

Mrs. Cray went out, and soon "auntie," after kneeling down before the fire to offer her evening prayer, prepared herself for bed, and lay down in it.

But she scrambled out of bed in hurry and alarm. It was soaking wet, and cold as ice, from the foot a third of the way up.

The poor old lady's feet and her nightclothes were wet. She shivered. What should she do? She spread open the bed, took off her wet garments, which she hung up to dry, dressed in her day-clothes, and tried to warm herself by the fire. There was a beautiful, new soft rug on the floor. This she took up, and heated quite hot, then she lay down on the sofa, and covered herself with it, and at last she fell asleep.

Thus her niece found her. Nonie was skulking about the door, awaiting the return of his mother. He entered with her, loudly demanding something to eat. "Something good, I tell yo," he amended.

Auntie awoke. Her head ached, and she shivered.

"Nonie, did you do this?" asked Mrs. Cray, when she saw the condition of the bed.

"No," roared that pet. "I say, get me something good to eat."

This was done before damages were repaired. The poor old lady was put in Mrs. Cray's bed, and warm bottles placed about her. "John and I will take the other bed, when I have got it all dry," she said.

Auntie had a narrow escape from death by the cold taken from her wetting. Mr. Cray was inclined to the opinion that Nonie should be thrashed for this performance; but his mother objected.

"The dark ages are passed," she said, "people do not now beat their own flesh and blood. Nonie must have more to amuse him. He is smart and active, that is all."

And so this ill-disposed urchin went on from bad to worse, unrestrained. And the months fled, and the years, and Nonie was a man. That is, he attained the years of manhood. His father died; he alone was left to his mother.

We will not dwell long on his history. He rewarded his mother, as was to be expected. And one day he seated himself beside her, and shot her through the head.

This is a true story. Would it might prove a profitable lesson to parents who yet have time to "train up" their children in the way they should go. No improvement upon the laws of God is possible.—*The Christian Weekly.*

FERMENTED WINE, OR THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.

Those who say: "wine is prescribed, and there is no authority for using anything else," must be reminded that the word "wine" is nowhere employed throughout the New Testament in connection with this sacrament.

The editor of the London *Methodist Times* lately witnessed the celebration of the Jewish Passover in that city, and at the close of the services said to the rabbi: "May I ask with what kind of wine you have celebrated the Passover this evening?" The answer promptly given was: "With non-intoxicating wine. Jews never use fermented wine in their synagogue services, and must not use it at the Passover, either for synagogue or home purposes. Fermented liquor of any kind comes under the category of 'leaven,' which is proscribed in so many well-known places in the Old Testament. The wine which is used by Jews during the week of the Passover is supplied to the community by those licensed by the chief rabbi's board, and by those only. Each bottle is sealed in the presence of a representative of the ecclesiastical authorities. The bottle standing yonder on the sideboard, from which the wine used to-night was taken, was thus sealed. I may also mention that poor Jews who cannot afford to buy this wine make an unfermented wine of their own, which is nothing else than an infusion of Valencia or Muscatel raisins. I have recently read the passage in Matthew in which the Paschal Supper is described. There can be no doubt whatever that the wine used upon that occasion was unfermented. Jesus, as an observant Jew, would not only not have drunk fermented wine at the Passover, but would not have celebrated the Passover in any house from which everything fermented had not been removed. I may mention that the wine I use at the service at the synagogue is an infusion of raisins. You will allow me, perhaps, to express my surprise that Christians, who profess to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth, can take what he could not possibly have taken as a Jew—intoxicating wine—at so sacred a service as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

And thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape.—Deut. xxxii. 14.

Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.—1 Cor. xi. 27.

And he took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them saying: Drink ye all of it.

But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you, in my Father's kingdom.—Matt. xxvi. 27, 29.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves. For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.—Luke xxii. 17, 18, 20.

MAKING TROUBLE.

"I hate to have Josie Bates play with us! She always makes trouble," said Alice, sitting down by mamma.

"Well, dear, do you remember your text that you learned last Sunday?"

"Yes, mamma; but I don't see how that can help."

"Well, I think if each one of you little girls would ask God to fill your hearts with his quietness, with gentleness and kind feelings, that you would have no trouble to get on with Josie. Did you ever ask God to help you?"

"Why no, mamma. I never thought of that."

"Suppose you ask your little playmates to try it; and then see if Josie will trouble you as much."

Alice told the girls what mamma said; and they thought the text was very pretty, but were not sure of its helping them.

But next day, when Josie began to fret and speak cross and want her own way, they each one tried to smooth it over, and to be peaceful and pleasant. Josie seemed ashamed; and tried to be more like them. And so mamma's way was right. If you have God's quiet spirit, no one can make you any great trouble. By and by, Josie, too, began to see how much better it was to be gentle and unselfish; and then the girls told her of Alice's text. Who will find this text in the Bible, and learn it? Who will try to have God's quiet in the heart?—*Shepherd's Arms.*

DRUNKEN DOCTORS.

The legislature of Georgia has passed a bill disqualifying intemperate physicians from practice. A method of indictment has been framed, and upon conviction the accused becomes subject to a heavy fine if he attempts to practise again. As a protective measure the wisdom of such a law is manifest. Patients by families worship "the doctor" with blind idolatry. They prefer him drunk to any other sober. It is a patriarchal act that steps in to protect such people from their own superstitions. It is the highest scientific temperance ground yet taken by the law. We believe it will be widely copied in other states, wherever such a bill is offered. With this legal encouragement, the common sense of the people will soon make total abstinence the path to professional glory for Esculapius. There will get abroad a conundrum something like this: If abstinence from drink is essential to the steadiness of hand necessary to couple cars, "down brakes," or tend a telegraph plant; to the clear brain requisite for transmitting messages, or taking fares on a street car, how much can a man drink and have head and hand at their best to set a bone or write a prescription? Enlightened society will not "give it up," but will give up the tippling doctor.—*Union Signal.*

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